

Spank, Fk, Release

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Summary: Things all get a bit frisky with Klaus and the Salvatore brothers...

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A/N. Haven't written in a long time, then just had to produce this gold for my flatmate. Enjoy?

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A large bed stood in the middle of a darkened room, on it was a half-dressed hybrid and a naked vampire; the hybrid blonde with rough plump lips, the vampire clean shaven with well-defined brows. The blonde crouched over the younger, clean shaven vampire as if pinning down his prey, except there was no struggle for escape, no begging for freedom, at least not yet.

"Oh Stefan, you know I'm going to have to punish you..." the blonde trailed a small ornately carved wooden stake over his 'preys' exposed chest.

"Punish me? Oh come on Klaus, I know you _love _it when I'm bad." He smirked.

"Maybe so, but I also _love_ to punish you. So forgive me if I... indulge myself."

The younger vampire groaned as the small stake was pressed roughly between his lower ribs. Klaus let out a short laugh as he twisted it slightly and bent in as closely to Stefan's face as he could get without making contact.

"Perhaps I should have you beg for your life."

"Beg for my life?" Stefan scoffed, but instantly winced in pain as he felt the wood rub against his insides.

"Yes, it seems only fitting, you did go behind my back and trade away the white oak stake in some shady deal, so now I am the judge, and you the guilty party," not moving his position he pulled the stake out only to jab it in again a few centimetres to the left. This was met with another low groan.

"Must you tease me so?" the 'prey' spoke through gritted teeth.

"Well I haven't heard you begging yet," another jerk of the stake and Klaus grinned as Stefan contorted his body from the shooting pain it caused.

"I'm not going to beg for your mercy," he let out a gruff but determined shout of anguish.

Removing the small splint Klaus trailed it over Stefan's bare chest, running it through the patches of blood that left the only trace of the stab wounds.

"Well that's quite the shame. I was rather looking forward to hearing you try and negotiate your way out. Of course I'd still torture you anyway... talking is never as much fun without physical violence."

"You're such a sadistic bitch Klaus you know that?" Stefan spoke half a growl, half as a tease.

A glint of amusement flashed in Klaus' eyes; "come on Stefan, take that anger out on me," sitting back he cocked his head to one side, egging the younger vampire on. "Show me your inner ripper." He accentuated the last word, delighting in its sound.

"Why should I give you what you want?" raising one eyebrow he gave the blonde vampire a teasing look.

"Because I am your superior," he replied, leaning back down so his nose brushed against his companion's, "and the only reason I allow you to stay pumped with vervain is because I enjoy the fight. Compelling you would simply be too easy." Opening his mouth to expose his fangs he dug them into Stefan's neck.

A whimper escaped his lips as Klaus sucked in a mouthful of blood before sitting up and spitting it through his teeth in a fine spray across the pinned down vampire.

Throwing his head back Klaus let out a laugh, and still gripping the stake in his hand he stabbed it aggressively into his play thing's side, an action which, much to his delight, was met with more groans and body convulsions. Pushing down, slowly but with great force he almost completely submerged the wood into Stefan's flesh. "Maybe I could spice up this party..." Grinning manically his eyes turned liquid gold and pulling back his lips he snarled, wolf fangs bared.

Suddenly Stefan pulled out the stake, tossing it across the room, and threw his arms up onto Klaus' shoulders, and gripping them tightly he

threw him onto his back with great force, reversing the roles of predator and prey.

"That's more like it" the now pinned down Klaus relished, "but you're still not strong enough for me." In one swift motion he lunged himself at Stefan, biting his shoulder then throwing him down onto the bed.

Lying on his side, clutching his arm Stefan seethed with pain and rage.

"Quite a beautiful paradox really, I can cause you a most tortuous death but am also the only one who can take the pain away again." Klaus sat back smugly, enjoying the sight of Stefan lying in both physical and mental agony.

"I will kill you" he forced out the words.

"Come on then, I dare you." Klaus rolled onto his back next to Stefan and turning his head to the side he smiled wryly.

Stefan leaned in slowly to Klaus' neck, breathing in his scent;_ for a guy that's half wolf he smells amazing._

Shoving his teeth carelessly into the hybrid's neck he tore violently at his skin, letting blood pour down onto the bed sheets. Lapping it up he felt a surge of warmth flow through him to the spot Klaus had bitten, enveloping it and soothing it. Driving his teeth further and further in, he tore through the flesh as if Klaus was one of his victims.

"Now, now Stefan â€" wouldn't want to waste any, would we?"

Merely grunting in reply Stefan pulled back and allowed Klaus' skin to heal over.

"There," the hybrid raised a hand and swept Stefan's hair out of his eyes, "feeling better?" he asked patronisingly.

Stefan did not say anything; instead he leant in and placed a kiss on Klaus' lips, leaving an imprint of blood as if it were scarlet lipstick. Moving down he placed kisses and gentle bites down the other side of Klaus' neck and onto his chest, running his lips over his nipples and down to his bony ribs, licking down them as if running a mallet across a xylophone.

"Stefan Salvatore. I think I may have underestimated you."

With that Stefan took his hands to Klaus' waist and with a firm grip on his waistband, ripped his jeans from his body, throwing them carelessly to the floor. Eagerly he pulled off his underwear, tossing them away to join the savagely torn jeans.

Klaus now lay exposed and Stefan began working his mouth around the hybrids hairy wolf balls, teasing them gently before moving up and along his shaft, licking the tip in rhythmic circles. To his delight this was met with low groans and as he continued, taking Klaus' full length in his mouth, working back and forth, keeping some action going with his tongue at all times, the groans only deepened as he managed to arouse more and more pleasure in his partner.

Swapping his mouth for his hand he moved his body so he could again kiss Klaus, letting his tongue roam around inside the hybrid's mouth.

Reaching his arms round Klaus dug his nails into Stefan's back, drawing a few small pearls of blood before the wounds healed. Quickly removing Stefan's belt and jeans he raised one arm and brought it down again with great force, spanking his smooth, firm behind.

Stefan moaned, and Klaus took the opportunity to swap positions, pushing the brown haired vampire down onto the bed, kneeling over him and taking his supple dick in his mouth. As he pleasured the younger vampire, the horny hybrid let his hand roam round underneath Stefan, who in reply arched his back, and began to finger his butt hole.

Leaning in Stefan began to nibble his superior's neck; just enough for sensation but not enough to draw blood, and all the while Klaus continued to satisfy his primal urges.

"Whatâ€¦" a new voice spoke. The two cavorting vampires had been too engrossed in each other they hadn't heard the door open or the owner of the voice come in.

Looking up Stefan saw his brother standing a few paces inside the room, black t-shirt clinging to his well-built torso, dark hair messily framing his face.

"Ah, Damon!" Klaus sat up, smiling, "if it isn't the more mysterious and infinitely more attractive Salvatore brother." At this, Stefan jabbed his fingers in between Klaus' ribs and Damon rolled his eyes. "Why not come and join us?" Klaus continued, unperturbed.

Stefan shot a glance between the two men, not entirely sure what to make of the situation, and clearly Damon didn't either.

"Join you?" Damon furrowed his brow, "why would I want to join my useless brother and his life ruining hybrid boyfriend for sex?"

"Because, Damon," Klaus' voice was smooth and seductive, "you _love_ a bit of sharing."

Suddenly Damon was on top of Klaus, hand around his neck; "you're going to pay for that, you know" he growled.

"I look forward to it" Klaus grinned and threw Damon back.

The three of them knelt on the bed facing each other. Klaus leant in and took one Salvatore in each arm, leaning in to kiss Stefan he used his other hand to nimbly remove Damon's shirt. Sensing he still wasn't thoroughly convinced, Klaus took Damon's hand and placed it on Stefan's throbbing member, using his own hand to guide Damon's up and down its firm length.

Giving in, the dark haired vampire moved his body in close to the other two, firming his grip on his brother's cock he used his other hand to reach for Klaus' neck and pull him into a deep kiss. Stefan

rolled his head back and let out an elated sigh, and deftly undoing his brother's belt he pulled down his jeans and moved his hand over his sibling's hardening manhood.

Damon kicked off his jeans the rest of the way and the three of them grew closer together until their mouths joined in a three-way kiss, tongues flicking together, fangs bared. Klaus ducked down, leaving the two Salvatore's to continue, and placed rough kisses and licks down each of their fronts and bringing his hands down their backs he began to simultaneously prepare them.

Stefan reached down with his other hand and once again began to tease Klaus, running his thumb lightly over his tip, feeling his shaft twitch in anticipation. Moaning, Klaus straightened up and pushed his hips forward in a motion begging Stefan to continue, obliging, the younger Salvatore brother began to gain pace till he was rapidly pumping his hand up and down Klaus' cock.

Aroused, Damon used his free hand to spank Klaus with as much force as he could, to which the hybrid smirked with enjoyment and turned his head to bring the Salvatore into a rough kiss, biting his lips and sweeping his tongue across them. Damon returned the favour, digging his teeth in hard and drawing small drops of blood which he lapped up as they kissed. Pulling away, Klaus gave a wry smile before pushing Damon back with one hand and Stefan with the other.

The two Salvatore's gazed up at their superior, his naked body toned and shimmering with perspiration. The look in his eyes was animal, as if his wolf side was rising up within him, ready to burst out in a moment of intense passion. Pouncing he pinned Stefan to the bed and gestured for Damon to join. Side by side they held him down, Damon leaning in to bite his neck while Klaus explored the lower regions of the restrained vampire's body.

Stefan leant his head back and let out a groan, allowing himself to submit completely. A firm hand grabbed his side and thrust him over onto his front, knowing what was coming he bent his knees, ready for the moment. The same firm hand as before gripped his waist and he felt the other parting his cheeks before warm spit hit his rear and trickled down around his butt hole. Hot breath on his neck was followed by Klaus' distinctive whisper; "Now Stefan. Let _me _do the ripping." With that, he felt the hybrid enter him, his strong shaft filling him up and slowly beginning a rhythmic motion back and forth. Clenching his fists in the bed sheets Stefan let himself be taken, enjoying the sensations he was feeling; the pleasure, the pain, the desire.

After watching his brother and Klaus for some time Damon pulled the blonde hybrid back and engaged him in a deep kiss, Klaus took the dark haired Vampire's hands and pulled him down towards the still bent over Stefan, a gesture Damon understood only too well. Altering his position he knelt behind his brother while Klaus moved behind him, and once he had fully inserted himself into his brother he felt Klaus do the same to him.

At first their movements were a little ungainly but after a while their motions were in sync, and they thrust their bodies together; Klaus into Damon and Damon into Stefan, who whimpered in pleasure at the bottom as he teased himself while he was fucked. Reaching round, the older Salvatore took over from his brother, rubbing his hand up

and down his shaft and gently caressing round his balls.

Klaus bit viciously into Damon's back, tearing the skin, letting his wolf venom enter the wounds and his victim leaned back, his eyes begging, to which Klaus could only oblige. They continued with another savage lip-tearing kiss as Damon lapped up the hybrid blood.

While he hated admitting Klaus was right, Damon couldn't help but feel a certain ecstasy for his current situation. It was true; he had a thing for sharing with his brother. A weird, fucked up thing that meant he fell for the same girl, twice, and had a threesome with him and his insane hybrid lover. Suddenly he felt Stefan go weak at the knees beneath him and he knew he'd reached his climax, typical of his brother always to be the first to go. Withdrawing himself he let Stefan roll over and take him first in his hands, then in his mouth, the moist sensation arousing him to breaking point.

Allowing himself to let go, Damon came into Stefan's mouth and his slight body jerk at this moment kicked Klaus over the edge too, who released himself into Damon, filling him up with his warm, wet juices. Moaning, the eldest Salvatore rolled over next to his brother and Klaus leant down, kissing both of them before lying down too.

"Fuckâ€¦!" Stefan sighed and the other two let out a snort of agreement.

Shifting onto his side, Klaus propped himself up on one arm and viewed the two younger vampires, smiling to himself. _I am the luckiest bastard alive._

The three of them lay quietly together for quite some time, and it was Damon who finally broke the silence.

"Let's go," standing up he held out his hand out for his brother to take, "I want to appreciate the evening air."

"We're naked, Damon, and our clothes aren't exactly fit for putting back on." Stefan pointed out.

"So?" Damon shook his head, "What's the point in being a vampire if we can't walk down the street naked?"

"You know your brother is right, for once." Klaus stood up from the bed, body sweaty and hair a mess. "Let's put our compulsion to good use."

Stefan sighed and rose to his feet, taking his brother's outstretched hand, and together they set out on their next adventure.

Fin.

End
file.